

MAYFAIR

**THE BEST OF
MAYFAIR**

32

**TOMMIE
JO!**

We can't
get enough!

**TROLLY
DOLLY!**

Suzanna'll serving up
more than drinks!

**FOR BETTER
OR... NURSE!**

We'll take nurse Dani,
thanks very much!

**SIMPLY
PERFECT!**

Adriana just can't
be improved!

**PATIO
PHWOARS!**

Charley's a sight
for sore eyes!

PLUS:

Porner Bree Olson!
More True Tales!
A Nailed On Classic!

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MAYFAIR Male



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HOLLY GOOD SHOW!

Dear *Mayfair*,
I'm always happy to welcome a brand new British babe to the ranks of *Mayfair* models, but Holly Kent really is something else! With that cute little face of hers you know immediately that she's English (don't ask me how – you can just tell!). It's hard to pick a favourite picture from all the ones that appeared in her spread, but the picture on pages 49 and 49 takes some beating., with her delectable little fanny in sharp focus while the rest of her has been artistically thrown out of focus. If I ever got together with this cutie, I'd definitely be focussing on her fanny – although those fulsome boobs might just get a look-in as well!

Please, please, let's have more of Holly in the new year – she's exactly the sort of girl you should be featuring in *Mayfair*! **Martin, Colchester.**

Yes, we know what you mean about Holly's face – she couldn't be anything other than British, could she? We definitely intend to get her back again in the new year, so watch this space...

ONE NIGHT SLAMMED!

Dear *Mayfair*,
I've always been a serial monogamist, which my mates reckon makes me a bit of a weirdo! I simply prefer the whole package – girlfriend, relationship, monogamy – to meaningless sex [*Meaningless?! – Ed.*]. The way I see it, either she's someone you're not interested in, full stop, or she's worth it all. In short, if she's good enough to fuck, she's good enough to have a relationship with.

Michelle changed my mind about all that, though. She was 20, blonde and a total fox, with the cutest body I've seen – petite, pert boobs, tight arse, all wrapped up in a miniskirt and vest-top. I'm an OK-looking bloke, but I reckoned she was way out of my league. That was until she started chatting away to me flirtatiously for a whole evening, which is when I slowly realised she liked me. She wasn't that pissed – well, not when we first started talking, anyway – but she was still laughing at my jokes. And, when I asked did she want to share a cab home, she accepted. In

fact, when we pulled up outside her place, she asked me in.

Normally, this is where my inner gent would kick in – we might kiss, but I'd leave it at that, bar asking for her number or a date later in the week. Not this time. As we snogged, she opened the door and we pretty much fell into the flat, mouth-on-mouth. There was no mention of a coffee or a nightcap – she

“My free hand explored her crotch, pausing to play with her clit for before sinking a digit into her soaking wet opening.”

just wanted to get my clothes off. Not that I was complaining, of course!

I peeled her clothes off, too, and that's what really flicked the switch – the sight of her stood naked was absolute horny perfection. I didn't think I had ever seen such a beautiful woman in the flesh, let alone naked! I just stood there for a moment, staring at her, so she twirled around, flaunting her body.

Michelle's tits were almost too firm and pert I almost didn't believe her when she said they were 100 per cent real, but a good squeeze confirmed it. I groped and squeezed her left boob, gently rolling her nipple between my thumb and forefinger, while I tongued her right nipple, sucking her tit into my mouth. My free hand explored her crotch, pausing to play with her clit for a few seconds, before sinking a single digit into her soaking-wet opening. She let out a little whimper, so I began to finger her harder and deeper, adding another two fingers, until she began to squirm about.

After a while, though, I wanted to check out her bum again and told her – totally honestly – that it was probably the most gorgeous I'd ever



seen. About a minute later, it became the best I'd ever felt, too, as I held her cheeks apart and slowly pushed my dick into her wetness. She gasped and I felt her muscles squeeze around my length. She had the tightest little fanny as well – almost virgin tight and snapping around my prick. The rest of her was definitely un-virginal, though! She upped the tempo, slamming back

“I was really dishing it out, almost convinced I'd never spunk, and she was loving it!”

against my crotch, as I gave it to her hard from behind, panting and groaning.

I was getting carried away but Michelle didn't want to rush things. Now and again she'd put her hand back to stop me thrusting, and haul herself off my cock, leaving it hot and dripping. Then she'd turn around and give me a really messy blow-job, sucking half the juices off it but slathering the rest all over her face, making sure she stopped before it became too much for me. She was a dirty little cow, there was no disputing that, but she was just so fucking gleeful about it all – totally crazed for cock. I had to love her for it!

We'd both left the pub a bit wasted and, for me, one side effect is that can take me ages to come – good news as far as Michelle was concerned. She told me to fuck her as hard as I liked, in any position, and while we energetically switched from her on top, to me on top, we finally drifted back into doggie, so I could play with her tight little bum hole as I screwed her.

I was really dishing it out, almost convinced I'd never spunk, and she was loving every thrust, squealing with delight as I pummelled her pussy. After only a little while, though, I got that telltale tension in my ball-sack, and my prick began jerking deep inside her. I told her I was going to come and, almost instantly, she pulled herself off me and spun around, so my cock was right in her face.

She cupped my balls and started wanking me furiously, her little hand slipping up and down my wet length faster than I expected her to be able to. She looked me right in the eye, winked, then closed her eyelids and opened her lips wide, this look of filthy pleasure on her face as I let rip, splattering my load all over it. She was covered in the stuff and used my throbbing cock to rub it over any bits I'd missed. It was one of the horniest sights I have ever seen. It's still a regularly used image in my wank-bank, in fact!

We had another amazing fuck and then, almost out-of-the-blue, Michelle dropped a heavy hint that I should leave. Not in a particularly nasty way, just saying she had a big meeting first

thing the next day, and that she needed to get some sleep. I wasn't offended – I just got dressed and gathered all my stuff together, then walked the couple of miles back to my place in a bit of a daze. I later realised that she hadn't offered me her number and I never thought to ask for it, and in my booze-and-shagging haze I wasn't even sure which house or even which street she lived in.

I'm not saying I wouldn't fuck Michelle again, given the chance, of course I would! But if a few hours' of meaningless sex is all she wanted, that's OK by me too. As one of my mates pointed out afterwards, knowing it's a one-off is definitely no excuse not to screw a girl!

Ben, Newark.



I LIKE HAYEK!

Dear Mayfair,

You have a lot of very talented photographers at your disposal, but I was a bit surprised to see that you weren't featuring so many girls shot by Andrew Hayek in recent months – so I was delighted to come across the pictures of Monica in your latest issue (46.12). There's always something rather tasteful about the way Mr Hayek lights his sets, and his attention to detail with regard to costumes and furniture are second to none (with the possible exception of RB Kane).

The pictures of Monica were both arousing and aesthetically pleasing – not least because she kept her hold-ups on throughout! – and I hope we'll be seeing more from Mr Hayek in *Mayfair* again from now on.

Colin, Dorking.

Ah yes, things did go a bit quiet on the Andrew Hayek front there. Well, he's diversified into other types of photography a bit now, but we'll make

sure we continue to print his sets whenever we can get our hands on them!

TAKE MY WIFE!

Dear Mayfair

Earlier this year, my wife, Janine, and I celebrated our 18th wedding anniversary. The occasion led me to reflect on past milestones and reminded me of one in particular – our tenth wedding anniversary.

Having married at a relatively young age, we were still only in our late twenties and somewhat adventurous, so we invited a few of our friends and colleagues down to the beach for a party and a

midnight swim. We knew no one was likely to disturb us, so we set up our party as though we owned the whole place. Most of the people there had brought swimming costumes with them, but some stripped to underwear or nothing at all, and about half the women went topless, including my wife. This surprised me a little because she's never been much of an exhibitionist, although her gorgeous little body is very enjoyable to observe.

A very beautiful young woman, probably about 20, struck up a conversation with me while Janine was

“I didn't like this bloke, but I liked the way he was screwing my wife and the way she was responding...”

partying hard with a group of people who were really enjoying pushing each other into the sea. This outgoing beauty kept my attention for well over an hour

Continued on page 14 ►



ADRIANA

Age: 34 Vital Stats: 34C-25-35 5'5"
Photographer: DDF





Here at *Mayfair* we feature only the hottest girls (of course!), but when we were having a conversation amongst ourselves the other day about which model we'd most like to see our cock sliding into, there were quite a few of the guys who said, with hardly a moment's thought – Adriana Malkova! Well, there you go – a ringing endorsement from the staff, and a quick glance to the right of this blurb goes to prove exactly what we had in mind. Let's face it, can you think of anything (or anyone) you'd rather be doing?!







**SEE MY
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◀ Continued from page 05

with her cute personality and even cuter looks, causing me to ignore the others — even my wife. I did notice that a bloke named Andy seemed to stay very near Janine, though. I didn't recognise Andy and don't think that Janine knew him, but they seemed to be having a lot of fun together. That just gave me more of an opportunity to really get close to Gina, the young beauty.

I was doing my best to get into her knickers, but a mutual friend kept interfering, and Gina finally left with her, as that was her lift home. I wandered around for a while, mingling with the people who were still there, until I noticed that my wife was nowhere to be seen. When I asked, someone told me that she and Andy had gone swimming and were probably fine, but I looked around and couldn't find them anywhere. Eventually I sat on a rock further down the shore and finished my beer, becoming worried about Janine's safety and growing suspicious of her activity.

After a few minutes, I heard a couple of people talking quietly somewhere behind me. I couldn't understand what they said or even who it was, but as I listened, I realised it was two people talking to each other, unaware that I was nearby. I tried to sneak toward the sounds, thinking it could be Janine and Andy. When I finally got close enough to see anything in the moonlight, I saw Janine lying on her back on a blanket, her breasts fully

“I kissed and sucked her nipples and then moved as quickly as I dared to her sex, where I found exactly what I wanted...”

exposed, and Andy kissing her lips, neck and breasts, all the while moving on top of her. I froze at the sight, watching to see what would happen next. I was so jealous, but I was really transfixed by the erotic nature of what I was witnessing.

I reckoned Janine would eventually stop him, until I saw her break away from his kiss and begin to moan. I knew for certain then that he'd penetrated her beautiful pussy and was fucking my wife like there was no tomorrow. I couldn't believe my eyes! I didn't like this bloke, but I liked the way he was screwing my wife and the way she was responding. I wanted to interrupt and fuck her myself, but somehow I also wanted her to be fucked by this stranger for as long as she wanted. After watching for a while I slipped back to the party and tried to

act as though nothing was wrong, and when Janine returned about a half hour later, we went straight home.

As soon as we got inside the house, I tried to kiss her and get her clothing off and see how she looked after just being fucked, but she resisted. She finally gave in after I'd massaged her tits and played with her pussy through her shorts.

When we finally got into bed, she insisted we turn the lights off, probably to hide the evidence of her deed. I immediately kissed her and sucked her nipples and moved as quickly as I dared to her sex, where I found exactly what I wanted: the scent and taste of a well-fucked pussy. I licked her out until she came all over my tongue, then screwed and licked her again. Then I even screwed her once more before finally falling asleep, all the while telling her that it was the best sex I'd ever had and that she should keep on doing whatever it was that had made her pussy taste and feel so good.

Until now, I've never told anyone, including Janine, that I knew exactly

what happened that night, but I can tell you she has kept up her 'secret' ways, although they have become even less secret in recent years. When things really came out into the open about her and the other men, it was quite exciting and I will probably share that story someday. Since I already share my sexy wife, why not?

Graham, Eastbourne.

A CLASS APART!

Dear *Mayfair*,

Why do I love your magazine? *[Well I could probably have a good guess, but you'd better tell us anyway – Ed.]* I love it because yours is the only top shelf mag that'll print both picture pictures of Cindy Hope that appear in Volume 46 Number 12 on page 12 and also the one at the top of page 13. In the first, a full page picture, what you can mostly see is her wonderful hair, with her gorgeous body retreating into the background in what's a fabulously composed shot that wouldn't look out of place in the

most glamorous of magazines. In the next picture, meanwhile, there she is, thighs splayed, with her invitingly moist and wanton looking pussy on display for all to see! Talk about perfection! In this way *Mayfair* above all other magazines expresses the full beauty of a woman without feeling the need to concentrate on the gynaecological side of things.

Mayfair will always be the magazine for true connoisseurs of feminine beauty, and long may it continue!

Jeff, Stevenage. Thanks Jeff, we do our best – as do our fantastic photographers – to make sure *Mayfair* keeps a step ahead of the rest! Not that's there's anything wrong with a bit of gynaecology once in a while, as I'm sure our readers would agree!





Hum, now unless we're very much mistaken, this represents a Mayfair debut for Janet, which is pretty good going at the ripe old age of 32! So what prompted her to give modelling a go at this stage in her life?

"Well, it's something I'd always wanted to try, but I guess I lacked a bit of confidence when I was younger. It's very nerve-racking, taking your clothes off to have your photos taken, you know!"

Oh, we're sure it is, but you seem to have got the hang of it now!

"Well, yes - I guess so. Actually, my problem now is that I find the whole thing so arousing I'm finding it hard to concentrate!"

Well you're not the only one there, love!

Janet

Age: 32 Vital Stats: 34C-27-36

Photos: DDF















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night stand?*



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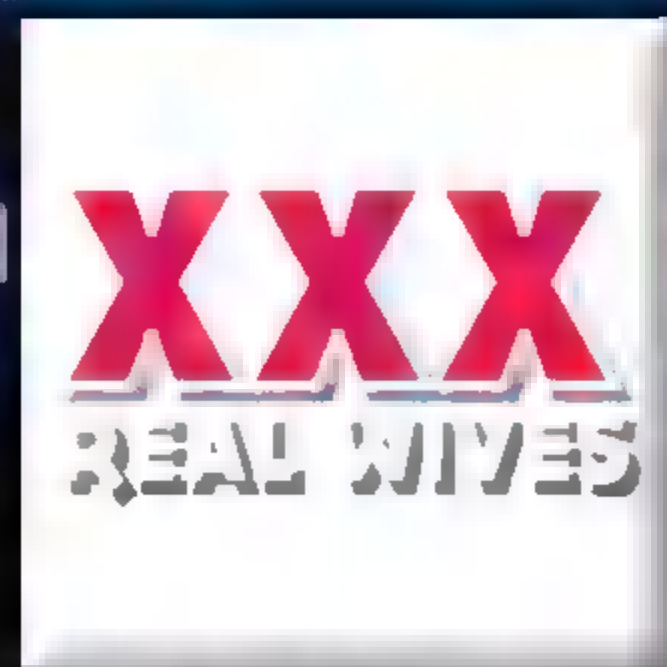
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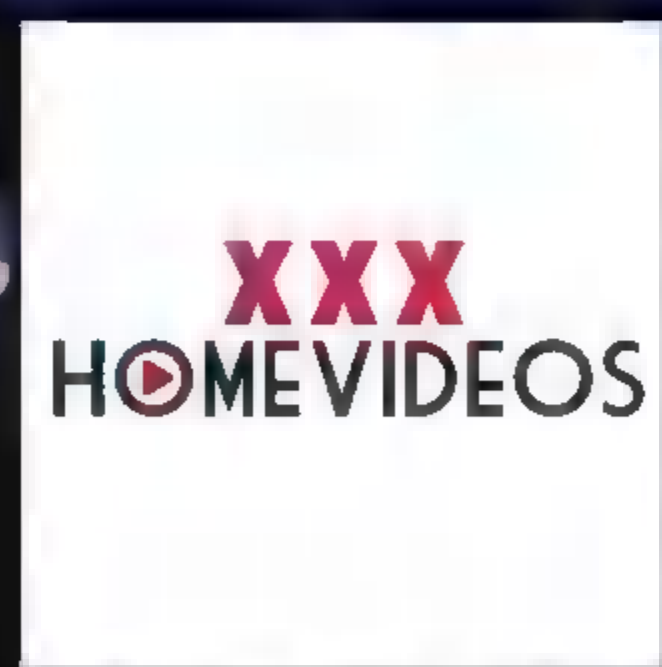
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MF

On the Job

DANI

Ages: 27 Vital Stats: 34F-23-34 5'2"

Photographer: Dan Gleballs





Ha-ha – we love it when ■ plan comes together! We've been eyeing Dani Thompson with envy (and not a little raw lust) as she appeared in the papers, on the telly, and in a slew of lads' mags for quite some time now, so naturally we were chuffed to bits when she responded to our overtures and decided to go the full monty for *Mayfair*! After that we didn't waste much time in digging out ■ rather kinky little nurse's uniform and, well, letting her do her thing. Ahem, so what do you think? Quite!







DANI

MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER







KRYSTAL & SASHA

Ages: 26, 24 **Stats:** 30FF-24-32, 34D-23-33 5'4" & 5'5"
Photographer: Scott Ward



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Horny young girls – you can only keep them apart for so long, you know! And how long that is is not very long at all, as we found out once we found ourselves in the same room as Krystal and Sasha. You'd think there'd be a few pleasantries and stuff, wouldn't you – but no, the girls had clearly been eying each other up since they both came to our first Britain's Got Totty party, and they weren't about to hold back! Quite frankly we're amazed we managed to get an edit of photos that we could actually print, such was the girl's fanny lapping frenzy. Still, mustn't grumble, eh?



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KRYSTAL & SASHA

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Feature

MAYFAIR
Presents...

BREE
OLSON



Bree's career in hardcore began when the buxom blonde – who was incidentally already a keen fan of the genre and a regular viewer of mucky movies – simply typed the words 'porn applications' into Google.

Although she's now famous around the world for having being one of Charlie Sheen's live-in 'goddesses', before Bree Olson began her bizarre arrangement with the wayward star of hit movies such as *Hots Shots* and *Major League* this pocket-sized blonde bombshell had enjoyed a rapid rise through the ranks to become one of the most popular girls in porn. In the adult industry, Bree was famous on her own merit, and her success was all down to her hot body and sizzling scenes full of energy and passion.

Bree's career in hardcore began when the buxom blonde – who was incidentally already a keen fan of the genre and a regular viewer of mucky movies – simply tapped the words 'porn applications' into Google (other search engines are available) and decided to post some photos on an adult classifieds website.

Understandably, Bree's pics got plenty of positive feedback and the offers began flooding in. After just eight months of shooting for the internet and smaller production companies, Bree was snapped up by Adam and Eve on an exclusive contract, a deal that launched her into the big league with movies and feature flicks such as *My Girlfriend's a Vampire* and *Bree's Slumber Party*.

So what's new, you're probably thinking. A very porny looking blonde hottie decides that she wants to become an adult starlet and makes it – how dull, this happens all the time!

Well what if we told you that Bree lost her virginity to a girl and that she was in a proper lesbian relationship until she was 19? And what if we mentioned that these days she's a bi-sexual babe who loves anal, giving blow-jobs and who wants to become a doctor when she finally gets fed-up of filth? Bree's story is certainly no ordinary pornstar tale, especially when you factor in Charlie Sheen.

The crazy journey began in an innocent enough fashion in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Bree achieved good grades at high school before going on to study pre-med Biology at college whilst working part-time in Telemarketing to pay her fees.

On the surface, everything was shaping up for this bright spark to become a regular and highly successful career girl, although in reality she was embroiled in a lesbo coupling that wasn't satisfying her needs; a fan of porn with a secret hankering for rough sex and a burning ambition to get involved in the movies she enjoyed so much.

At age 19, Bree decided to act on her desires. She dumped the girlfriend, ditched

MAYFAIR

Presents...

BREE OLSON

"I love doggy," she says with great enthusiasm. "I love it rough; to be spanked. Anything to show he's being the man."

her studies and posted those pics online, but what actually inspired this sudden and rather surprising change in direction?

"I used to watch the 'behind the scenes' sections on DVDs," she said in a recent interview. "The girls would be, 'Oh I'm just lying by the pool, getting ready to do a scene'. I'm thinking, how fun is that? That was it for me. I had to get into porn."

"What do you mean this outfit makes me look like a rabbit?"

The fact that she felt her girlfriend had held her back – from men and porn – was also a major motivation, and once she'd made her decisions it was with great gusto that Olson unleashed herself on the adult industry.

She stills enjoys having sex with women – both onscreen and in her private life – but all things lesbo now play second fiddle to her appreciation of cock, at home and on camera.

"I love doggy," she says with great enthusiasm. "I love it rough; to be spanked. Anything to show that he's being the man. It's the greatest thing in the world!"

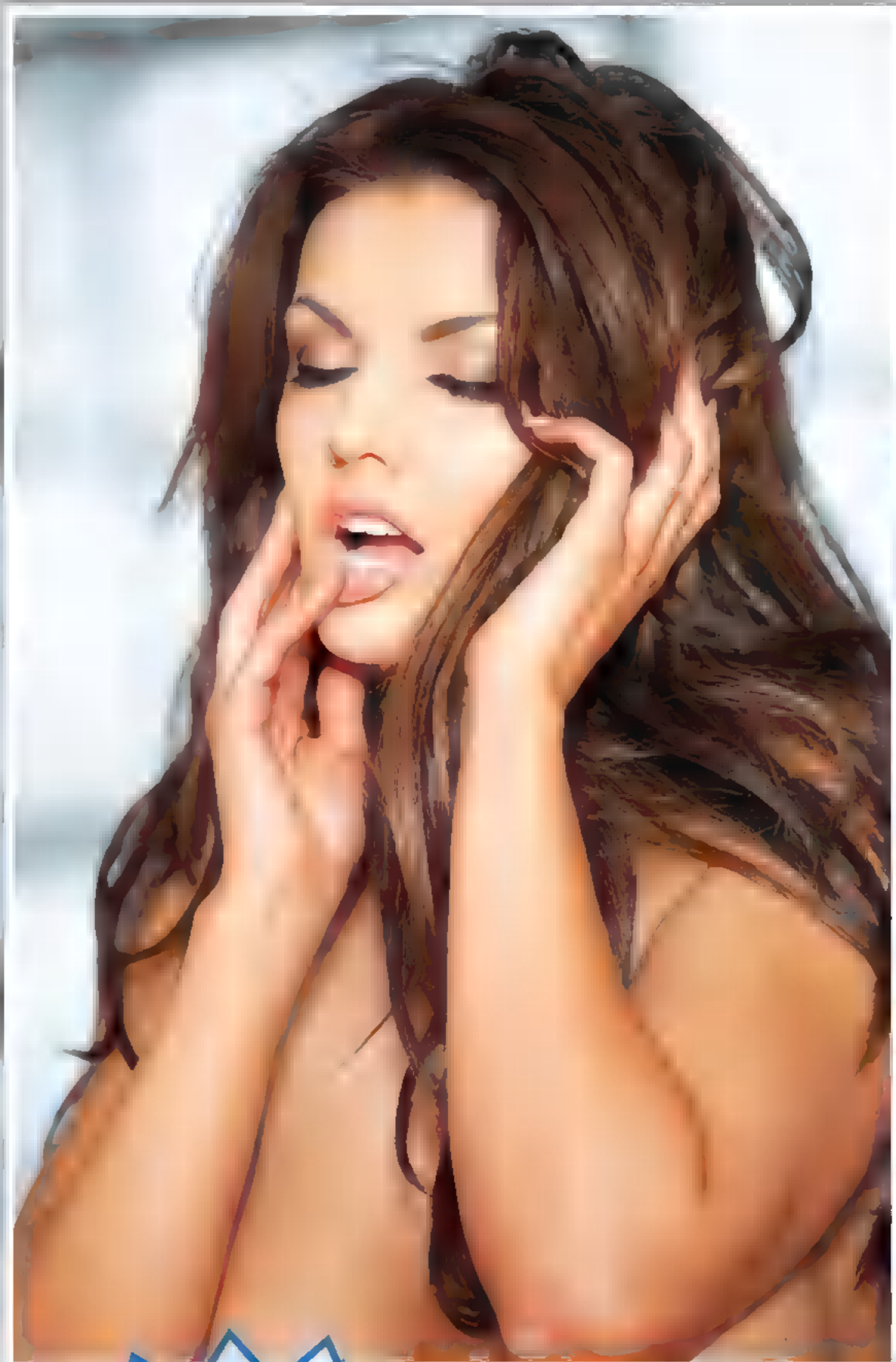
After blossoming as a porn starlet through her exclusive deal with Adam and Eve, Bree decided that she wanted to go free range, where she continued to pursue her love of the harder side of sex in flicks such as *Lex the*

Impaler 6, whilst also starring in big-budget parodies such as *Not Bionic Woman* and *Six Million Dollar Man XXX*.

And then? Well, and then she met Charlie Sheen and her porn career went on hold, with the busty babe stating that she wouldn't make any more movies as long as she was living with the wayward actor.

However, the good news for us is that according to media reports Bree recently dumped Sheen, and she recently dipped her toes back in the water for a shoot with *Playboy*. Considering her love for sex and porn, we don't think it will be too long before Bree's back making hardcore again. Although she might just surprise everyone and decide to return to her studies and become a doctor. With this unpredictable starlet, who knows?





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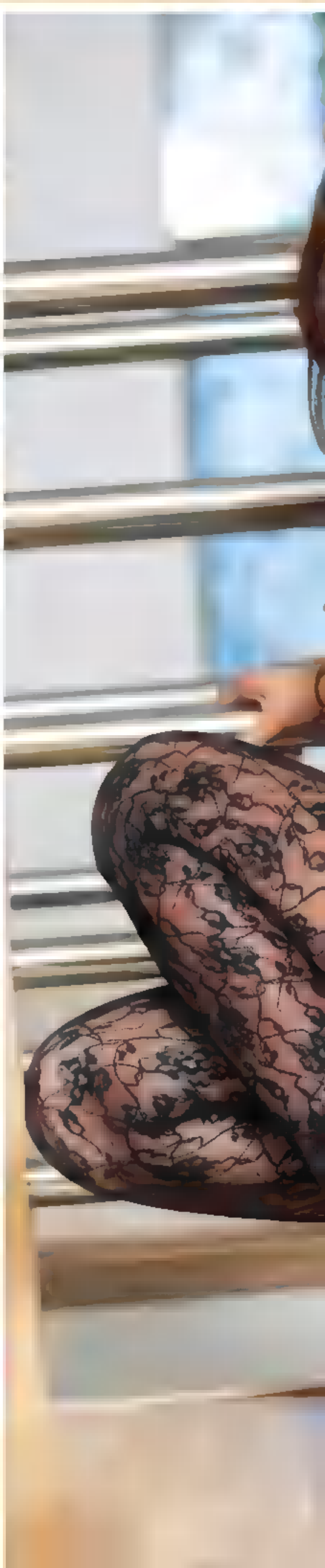


TOMMIE JO

Age: 24 **Vital Stats:** 32DD-26-36 5'7"

Photographer: Twistys







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Well there's not much of a clue to be had downstairs, thanks to that tattooed bush-replacement, but we can't help thinking that this is actually more like Tommie Joe's natural hair colour than the blonde barnet we've become familiar to seeing her with...

"Yes, it's true!" she admitted. "There aren't nearly as many natural blondes in this business as there are bottle blondes, but I thought it was time I was a bit more, ah, true to my roots – geddit?!"

Yes, very good. Now the question is which do we prefer? Well given the near perfect all-over package, hair-colour seems like a minor quibble, so quite honestly we'd be more than happy to take TJ any way she comes!









TOMMIE JO

MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER



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Gentlemen, That Reminds Me

Well this is the best we could muster, but if you think you can do any better, email us your efforts at: mayfair@paulraymond.com or send them to: Mayfair, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU.



**"When I told you to 'remember your mates',
I meant your condoms!"**

A golfer tees up his ball on the first hole, takes a mighty swing and hits his ball into a clump of trees. After a lengthy search he finds his ball and, seeing a small opening between two trunks, he reckons he can hit through and get to the green.

Taking out his 3-wood, he gives another mighty swing. The ball hits one of the trees, bounces back, hits him in the forehead and kills him stone dead.

As he approaches the gates of Heaven, St. Peter sees the 3-wood in his hand and asks, "Are you a good golfer?"

The man replies: "Got here in two, didn't I?"

A man is visiting his doctor, and the doc asks the bloke to describe his sex life.

The man says, "Infrequently."

The doctor replies, "Is that one word or two?"

A husband and wife are on the 9th green when suddenly she collapses from a heart attack. "Help me dear," she groans to her husband.

The husband calls 999 on his mobile, talks for a few minutes,

picks up his putter and lines up his putt.

His wife raises her head off the green and stares at him. "I'm dying here and you're putting?"

"Don't worry dear," says the husband calmly, "they found a doctor on the second hole and he's coming to help you."

"Well, how long will it take for him to get here?" she asks feebly.

"No time at all," says her husband.

"Everybody's agreed to let him play through."

A psychologist is doing his normal morning rounds when he enters one of the patients' rooms. He finds Patient One sitting on the floor, pretending to saw a piece of wood in half. Patient Two is hanging from the ceiling by his feet. The doctor asks Patient One what he's doing.

He replies, "Can't you see I'm sawing this piece of wood in half?"

The doctor then asks Patient One what Patient Two is doing. Patient One replies, "Oh, he's my friend, but he's a little crazy. He thinks he's a light bulb."

The doctor looks up and notices Patient Two's face is going all red, and says to

Patient One, "Well if he's your friend you should get him down from there before he hurts himself."

Patient One replies, "What, and work in the dark?"

A fifty-year-old woman goes to see her Doctor for a routine check-up and comes back smiling.

"Oh, Honey! The Doc said that I was in terrific shape!" she says. "He told me I have the perky bust of a thirty-year-old!"

Nonplussed, the husband replies, "Oh, and did he mention the fat, dumb, saggy fifty-year-old ass of yours?"

The woman simply smiles and says, "Why no dear, your name never came up once."

Son: "Mum, when I was on the bus with Dad this morning, he told me to give up my seat to a lady."

Mom: "Well, you did the right thing."

Son: "But mum, I was sitting on daddy's lap."

"Cash or card?" the bloke behind the counter asks after folding the items the woman wishes to purchase.

As she fumbles for her wallet, he notices a remote control for a TV set in her purse.

"So, do you always carry your TV remote?" he asks.

"No," she replies, "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him without ending up in prison."

A man says to his wife one day: "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time."

The wife responds: "Allow me to explain. God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me, and God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you."

An Eskimo is on holiday driving through the valleys of Wales. As he passes through a small village the car breaks down, but luckily enough there's a garage there and it's open for business. The Eskimo knocks on the door and asks the mechanic if he wouldn't mind taking a look at the car for him.

The mechanic lifts the bonnet, has a quick look and says: "Oh boyo, I think you've blown a seal!"

"So what," replies the Eskimo. "You shag sheep, don't you?"

A 97-year-old man says to his doctor, "I've never felt better. I have an 18-year-old bride who is pregnant with my child. What do you think about that?"

The doctor considers the question for a minute and then says, "I have an elderly friend who is a hunter and never misses a season. One day when he was going out in a bit of a hurry, he accidentally picked up his umbrella instead of his gun. When he got to the creek, he saw a beaver sitting beside the stream. He raised his umbrella and went, 'bang, bang' and the beaver fell dead. What do you think of that?"

The 97-year-old answers, "I'd say somebody else shot that beaver."

The doctor replies, "My point exactly."

We figured it was about time we had a rather more futuristic uniform for On The Job, so here's the delicious Suzana rigged out in the sort of air hostess outfit you might have found in *The Jetsons*! Sadly airlines haven't got round to adopting styles like this yet, but surely it can only be a matter of time before holidaymakers are greeted with the sight of foxy stewardesses dressed like this, flashing a bit of retro-muff as they take their seats. Well OK, possibly not – but it's a nice idea, isn't it?



On
the
Job

SUZANA

Age: 27 Vital Stats: 34A-23-35 5'3"
Photographer: Scott Ward

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Quest

There's nothing quite like watching other people have it off, is there? Some people even prefer it to doing it themselves, you know...



Name: Becki

Age: 24

From: Swansea

I've never been sexually adventurous, probably because I met my long-term boyfriend at 15 and when we split up at Uni, I swore off men, deciding to concentrate on my education instead. I shared a small flat with a good friend, Kath, who was also single, but that's where the similarities ended. I was quiet and a bookworm, whereas Kath was outgoing, bubbly and a bit of a party animal. Although she'd more often than not bring the party back to our flat, it never really bothered me, though I never joined in. The only time the noise did get on my nerves was if I was trying to get some work done, like I was a few months ago.

I knew I had an exam looming and needed to knuckle down and study. I made a point of collaring Kath one morning, and had asked if it was possible for her to go out that night, so I could hit the books in peace. She agreed, apologising if she was disrupting my studying with her wild nights.

That evening, I was in my room with the door shut and my head down, when I realised Kath was in the flat. I could hear laughing and faint music coming from the lounge. Annoyed that she'd 'forgotten' our earlier conversation, I decided to ignore her and finish the essay I was

"The tingling between my legs had turned to throbbing..."

working on. After 20 or so minutes though, I had worked myself up about it and was fuming. I decided to go and ask her to keep it down, or go out.

I got as far as the hallway between my bedroom and the living room, when I realised that as well as the laughter and music, I could hear other noises – heavy breathing and soft moaning. Dirty cow! Unexpectedly, I felt a tingle in my clit. I'd never been into voyeurism or even watching porn, but hearing the passionate noises coming from behind the door, I felt myself getting turned-on. I shook it off. What was I doing? I turned to creep back to my bedroom as not to disturb them, but as soon as I did the soft moans began to turn into louder groans and grunts, and soon Kath was screaming her bloody head off. The tingling between my legs had turned to throbbing, and I couldn't resist having a little peek. Pushing the door slightly ajar, I was treated to the sight of my flatmate in the middle of the room on all fours, being screwed senseless by some unknown bloke. I stood watching for a while and couldn't help my hand sneaking down the front of my pyjama shorts, feeling my swollen bud and slipping my fingers back so they dipped into my wet pussy. I leant against the wall and started to flick my clit faster, enjoying the warm feeling flooding through my body. I must have made more noise than I meant to, because all of a sudden the door swung open, and Kath was standing there, stark-bollock-naked.



I jumped, pulling my hand out of my shorts, but it couldn't have been more obvious what I was doing. "K-Kath! I, erm, I..." I blushed and stuttered, looking at the ground, mortified.

"Hey, Becky..." Kath laughed, "Why don't you join us? I'm sure Tom wouldn't mind. Tom..." She turned to the man, who I hadn't really registered – until he stood up and grinned. I nearly melted when I clocked this tall, gorgeous, dark-haired guy, with the biggest cock I'd ever seen – standing to attention.

Sensing I was out of my depth, Kath grabbed my hand and led me over to Tom, who gently started kissing me, his hands wandering over my body, firmly feeling my boobs. I hesitated nervously, wondering what the hell I was doing, but all thoughts vanished the moment Tom lifted my T-shirt and started to lick and suck my nipples. It felt so amazing that when I felt Kath's hands tugging my shorts down to my ankles, I didn't blink. However, when she gently started to lick and suck my clit, I felt my knees buckle. Still kissing me passionately, Tom manoeuvred us to the sofa, and pushed me down gently. Kath climbed up my body and kissed me firmly, pushing her tongue between my lips. I could taste my musky juices as I sucked her tongue, and kissed her back. She straddled one of my legs, and began grinding her sopping fanny against my thigh. Tom, meanwhile, had sat back on the sofa, slowly rubbing his hard dick while he watched us getting it on.

Suddenly, Kath pulled away and guided my head towards Tom's huge cock. I didn't

need any more encouragement, and grabbed it with both hands, sucking his helmet greedily into my mouth. As I worked my lips up and down his shaft, I felt Kath's hands on my bum, working their way to my pussy, before one slender finger found my hole and slowly dipped inside. I moaned and pushed back against her hand, urging her to give me more. She got the hint and pushed another two fingers in, then began to fuck me with them. This got me so horny that I lost all inhibitions, gobbling his full length down, deep-throating him, while I cupped his balls with my hand. This was obviously too much for him, as he pulled my head away. "I think it's your turn! Lie back on the sofa", he breathed. I did as I was told, and he wasted no time getting between my legs. My mouth was

without something to lick for about 30 seconds, as I soon had Kath's soft thighs around my face and her sweet pussy against my mouth. Tom's glistening cock slipped between my lips and his dick filled my cunt, sending deep waves of pleasure through me.

He was now cradling my arse and pumping away at my hole, forcing me to breathe heavily between Kath's legs, as I desperately tongued her fanny. This obviously turned her on, as she began moaning and grinding her twat against my open mouth.

Tom was shagging me so hard that my tits were bouncing back and slapping against her arse. This sent her over the edge and, with one final scream, I could feel her pussy widen and the taste of her juices in my mouth.

Tom kept riding me, pulling my nipples with

"I soon had Kath's thighs around my face and her pussy against my mouth."

his fingers, until I could feel an orgasm welling up inside me. Bucking against his thrusts, digging my fingers into his buttocks, I begged him to fuck me harder, to make me come. I screamed as my body shuddered with pleasure and my orgasm took over.

As my climax subsided, I realised Kath already had Tom's dick in her hand and was tossing it off over my tummy, eventually covering it with

his spunk, his juices running down and making my pubes sticky.

It turned out that Tom was one of Kath's regular fuck-buddy, so he visits the flat quite often. I'm still off men, but the occasional no-strings shag with Tom doesn't really count, does it?

Name: Helen

Age: 32

From: Portsmouth

I am a suburban housewife with a loving husband, two young kids, two cars, and a mortgage, living on a boring housing estate. However, our neighbours would be shocked to learn of my husband and my secret antics – a fact which only makes things more exciting.

During the working week John goes to his nine to five job and I take the kids to and from school. In the evening we have a family dinner and once the kids are in bed we watch the telly. But on the weekends it is a totally different story: the kids go to their grandparents, alternating between my parents' and John's. This arrangement gives us the freedom to have fun of our own.

It all started when I was surfing the net one night and saw an advert for a swingers club. Half-joking, half-excited, I showed the site to John. To my surprise he confessed he had been browsing swingers sites for a while but did not know if I would be up for it.

Our sex life has always been good. John has a sizeable cock and I am very responsive and multi-orgasmic. We often experiment with different positions, and have tried out plenty of toys and other stuff such as role play. Adding another person to the action was something we had never tried, but one night last autumn, during a deep and meaningful chat John admitted he had always yearned to be cuckolded. He wanted me to be fucked by another man. I've always been pretty open minded, so I wasn't too shocked, and it wasn't long before we'd decided to put his fantasy into effect.

We began to trawl through adverts on swingers' sites, sorting likely blokes into groups and sending them messages. John was with me at all times, both for his pleasure and my safety. It did not take long to narrow the search down and in the end we chose Colin, a tall well-built farmer just a few years younger than me. We Skyped for a couple of weeks until we all got comfortable before arranging to meet up in a nearby pub.

Colin was even more attractive in person and by the time we'd our drinks I was gagging to get him into bed. John seemed very excited by the whole affair, assuring Colin how much he was looking forward to seeing me fucking another man. When we got home we all went straight upstairs. John had carefully placed lamps around our bedroom so that he could see the action from every angle without ruining the atmosphere.

It felt strange being touched by another man in my marital bed, but it was also deeply sensual knowing that John was watching my every move. I wanted to give him a show to



remember so I asked him to lie back and allow me to suck his cock.

Colin was delighted by this and happily moved into position on the bed allowing me to get between his legs and take his fine big cock in my fist. It was even thicker than John's, which pleased me – and, John told me later, thrilled John too – plus it was also circumcised, which was a first for me. I loved the way Colin's pre-come glazed his large bulbous cockhead and I started licking it like it was an ice-cream cone. He murmured and pulled me closer so

he could hold my head in position, and as he did so he pushed his cock almost to the back of my throat. I gagged slightly as I felt his helmet nudge and tilted my head back so I could accommodate it before beginning to bob my head in time with his gentle thrusts.

I was totally immersed in what I was doing and almost missed the fact that Colin was not far from coming in my mouth. With a sigh he pulled back, shaking his head as he complimented my oral skills. I felt even hornier knowing that my man was getting off on watching me. Then Colin surprised me by turning me onto my hands and knees and eating me out from behind. I guessed he was probably doing this for John's benefit because I could hear John wanking hard while watching Colin licking away between my pussy-lips.

Colin lapped along the length of my labia, teasing my little love bud with his

tongue before licking up the pussy juice which resulted. All too soon he stopped, replacing his tongue with his fingers and holding my pussy open so John could get a good look at how excited I was. Then, nipping my clit with his fingers, he made me jerk and sway slightly as he stimulated my clit and eased his fingers in and out of my dripping pussy.

I pushed back onto his fingers, trying desperately to get myself off on his hands as his fingers teased me to the edge of orgasm. Then he stopped and I felt him position his cock

against my throbbing slit. At this point he asked John's permission to enter me and as John nodded his consent, Colin pushed his thick cock right to the root inside my sopping wet fanny. I almost came on that first thrust (and John came close to doing so too!) but Colin steadied me, telling me to relax as his fingers began to roll my nipples. Surges of pleasure rippled through my body as he stimulated my most erogenous zones before beginning to fuck me with long, slow strokes. Every nerve ending quivered as I strained to come, clenching my pussy muscles tightly around his slowly thrusting cock.

Gripping my waist, Colin began banging my pussy harder until I could not hold out a second longer. I dipped my back and came long and hard, one orgasm crashing into the next as Colin emptied his load inside me. I trembled violently as the last tremors of pleasure shook my body and in the background I saw John sitting back in his chair, his now spent cock in hand, and a big smile on his face.

For the next couple of hours Colin gave

“Every nerve quivered as I strained to come, clenching my pussy...”

me orgasm after orgasm, while John soon recovered his strength and wanked himself silly as he watched, although much to my amazement (and delight) he still had the stamina to fuck me himself once our guest had finally left.

Colin has been back three times since then and John says he gets more excited to be cuckolded each time. And I'm not exactly complaining, either!

Name: Jenny

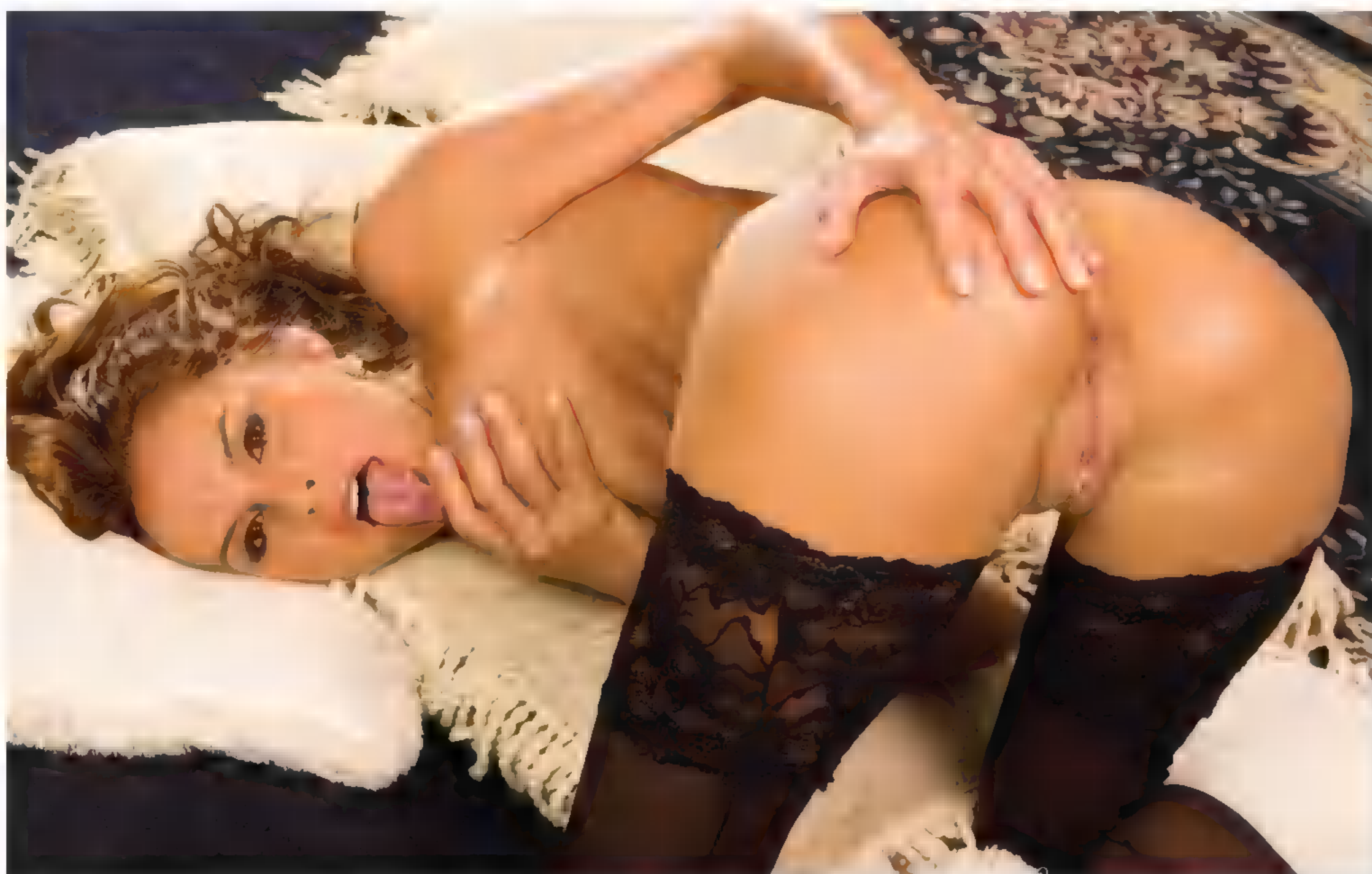
Age: 28

From: Lincoln

I've been with my boyfriend Jack for just over three years now, and a couple of months ago we finally decided it was time we lived together. We both had our own flats, but as mine was a bit bigger we decided that he should move in with me. He'd packed all his stuff, and had sorted out a few bin bags full of stuff to chuck, and I was helping him get his place in order before he finally moved out.

One afternoon I was there on my own, just making sure we hadn't missed anything. It didn't take long, and with nothing else to do I found myself wandering what he might be chucking away, so I undid the know in one of the black bin bags and had a bit of a rummage.

At the top there were a few bits and bobs of old clothing and a few mangy shoes, but things got a bit more interesting further down. My interest was first properly aroused by a few well-thumbed girlie mags (including four or five copies of *Mayfair*), which I found myself flicking through idly, looking at the girls and reading the odd letter. I'd known about his magazine collection for aged (we sometimes read them together, in fact), so I wasn't too bothered about those, but what was more intriguing were



the VHS cassettes at the bottom of the bag. A couple of them were obviously pornos – they still had the names on – but one of them was much more enigmatic, just having ‘T+J 2003’ written on the label.

I knew that Jack had gone out with a girl

“I pushed a couple of fingers deep into my slippery hole...”

called Tracy around then, and my interest was immediately piqued. Sadly the only people I knew who still had a video player are my mum and dad, so I sneaked the tape away and hid it for a couple of weeks until a weekend finally rolled round when I knew my folks were away.

Jack was out with some mates that evening, so I grabbed the tape and headed round to my

parents’ place. As soon as I’d let myself in I drew the curtains and slipped the tape into the machine...

It wasn’t long before all my suspicions were confirmed. There was a bit of shaky footage from what looked like a holiday in Spain they’d had together, and then, about 20 minutes in (I was fast forwarding at this stage) the scene suddenly changed to a hotel room, and I could see both Jack and his then girlfriend in front of the camera. I wondered briefly who might have been operating the camera, but as it remained static I figured they’d just left it on a chest of drawers or something.

Anyway, there was a bit of giggling at first, as this Tracy clearly seemed a little unsure about the whole thing, but she soon changed her mind as Jack leant forward to kiss her, sliding his hand inside her bikini bottoms as he did so. I felt a twinge of guilt, then, watching this intimate

moment between two other people, but at the same time I felt my cunt moisten slightly as I watched, rapt, as my current boyfriend set about bedding one of his exes. Believe it or not I actually felt a bit jealous, too, as he kissed her more passionately – almost like he was cheating on me, even though I knew all this had happened before I’d even met him.

Jack’s usually a pretty fast worker, so I wasn’t to be surprised that it was only a minute or so before he’d flipped up Tracy’s bikini top, revealing a pair of pert little boobs that were just a little bit smaller than my own. I could make out her nipples on the slightly grainy screen, and couldn’t resist playing with my own as I watched Jack bend his head down and suck one, then the other, into his mouth. It was all a bit surreal, but here I was watching my boyfriend, and suddenly all I wanted to do was play with myself.

Almost despite myself I got up and quickly double checked that the house was empty and the front door was properly locked, which it was, before I settled down in front of the telly again. By this stage Jack had got that lovely prick of his out and was standing a few feet in front of the camera, smiling, as Tracy knelt in front of him. I slipped a hand inside my knickers and began gently rubbing my pussy as I watched this girl I’d only ever heard of before set about sucking my boyfriend’s prick. She seemed to be pretty good at it, too, because before long I could hear him moaning as her head bobbed back and forth along the length of his shaft. I’ve always loved sucking his prick, and watching someone else doing it was causing all sorts of contradictory emotions to pop through my head, but predominant among them was just how horny it was making me.

My pussy was properly juiced up now, and I pushed a couple of fingers deep into my slippery hole, curving them upwards slightly and probing for my G-Spot as I watched, fascinated, as Jack positioned Tracy on the bed, doggy-style, and lined up his shiny prick with the entrance of her clean-shaven fanny.

I felt my clit tingle as he pushed his length inside her, and I couldn’t help remembering the feel of him slamming into me in that very same position (his favourite, but also mine!). Tracy was clearly pretty keen on it as well, because she was squealing in pleasure as he rammed her pink pussy, and as I watched his cock disappearing inside her again and again I felt an orgasm starting to wash over me. Clamping my hand over my mound, my fingers still wedged in my cunt, I gasped and came, just in time to watch Jack pulling out and squirting his thick seed all over Tracy’s arched back.


Once I’d tidied myself up I was a bit puzzled as to what to do with the tape. In the end I decided to chuck it, although I’m going to try and get Jack to make one with me instead!

Next Month: ‘Let’s Party!’
Got a confession? Then send it along to **Quest, Mayfair, PRP, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, Surrey, KT12 3PU** – or email it to **mayfair@paulraymond.com**. There’s £50 for the letters we use!

Gemma

Age: 25 Vital Stats: 32D-22-32

Photographer: Twistys



You guys are never slow in letting us know what sort of things you like – and one of the things you definitely seem to like is seeing sets of top Brit Babe Gemma Massey in the magazine! She pooled a hatful of votes in our Girl of the Year vote last year, and so here she is, all *Mayfair*-ed up and ready to roll again! Mind you, Gemma's so busy on Twitter these days, it's a wonder she ever gets time to strip off and play with herself any more...

"Ah, there's no danger of that!" she laughed when we suggested this to her. "Social networking's all very well, but you can't beat the thrill of a nude shoot!"

Looking at her, we can't help thinking she's got a point!











CHARLEY

Age: 21 Vital Stats: 34H-26-37 5'2"

Photographer: Iain Thompson













Good grief – sometimes it seems like hardly a month goes by without us featuring the debut of another stunning UK babe! Well we've certainly gone and got one for you this issue, with the jug-tastic maiden appearance of Miss Charley – a brazen hussy from the Home Counties who's never got her fanny out in the magazines before! So Charley, how come you decided to grace us with your favours – not that we're complaining, of course!

"I should hope not! Well, there was something irresistible about the thought of appearing in *Mayfair*, I guess. Surely the idea of thousands of guys getting off over pictures of you is enough to get a horny girl to open her legs, after all!"

Well we guess it is – and thank God for it!





MARION

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

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Well here we have proof, if it were needed, that a full 24 years ago (and blimey, doesn't this set look older than that!?) young Londoners were upping sticks and heading away from the smoke in pursuit of a more laid-back lifestyle. There might have been a TV programme in which a couple of annoying berks help glamour models find new houses, but then thankfully they didn't really have time filling crap like that on the telly back then. Proper programmes or the potter's wheel was good enough for us in 1989!



'A man who is tired of London is tired of life,' wrote eighteenth century wit, Doctor Samuel Johnson, but can the same be said for a woman who is fed-up with Finchley? 'No, quite the opposite,' states 25-year-old Marion Cook. 'Now that I've got out of London, I really believe that I'm beginning to live at last. No more rat-race, no more tube-strikes. It's wonderful!' So 36-24-36 Marion has no regrets over giving up her high-powered PR job, selling her Finchley flat and taking semi-retirement in the wilds of Cheshire? 'No, no,' she says, 'it's beautiful down here in Macclesfield. It may not sound the most romantic place in the world, but the countryside is so unspoilt and the people are so friendly. I don't miss London at all.'

MAYFAIR
Classic

These days, Marion satisfies herself by turning to her first love — painting and by popping into the nearby *Ryles Arms* for a quick half of lager and a gossip with the locals. 'I imagine most of the gossip will be about me once they see these pictures,' she laughs. Maybe she's not that retiring at all.





MAYFAIR
Classic

MAYFAIR

Vol.48 No.08

On Sale July 12th

Ava

Well, we've been having a little think here at *Mayfair* and we decided it was high time we brought you another cracking pair of British newbies – but are there two out there who come up to the *Mayair* standard? Well duh – yes, there are! Sultry Ava's really starting to make a name for herself in naughty films and we thought you'd like to get to know her a bit better, while Jodie's just dipped her toe into the modelling world. We can't wait!

Jodie



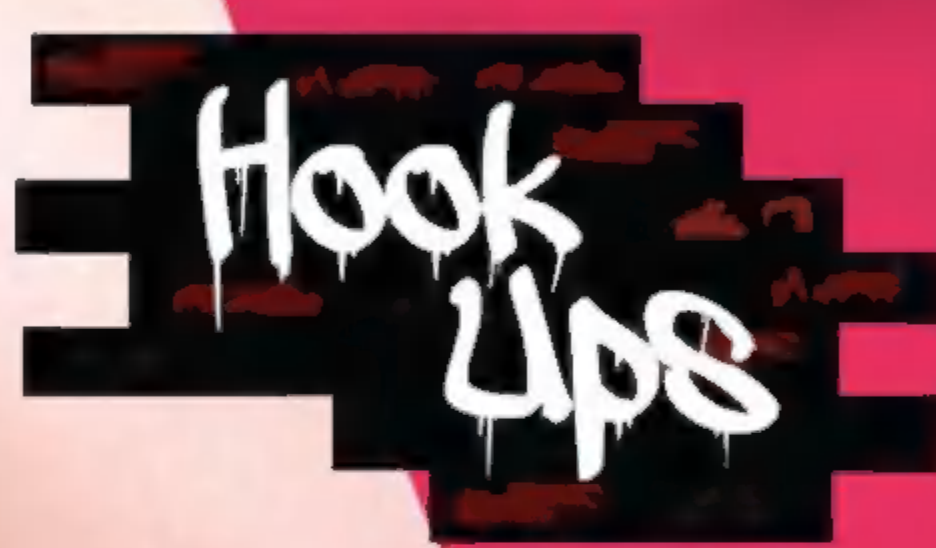
Coming Next Month

A photograph of two women in a sensual pose, one leaning towards the other, set against a red background.

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